

BY THE WAY OF THE VALLEY.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL, AUTHOR OF "FOR HONOUR'S SAKE," "WILD BRYONIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

JASMINE IN THE VALLEY.

IT was a terrible pang to Jasmine to leave her baby; but Mrs. Spence was a pleasant, kindly-looking young woman about ten years her own senior, and little Dollie took to her from the first. It is difficult to say whether it were more of a relief or a grief to the young mother to see her child—her own, her only one—so contented in another woman's arms. But, unwillingly as she would have owned it, she was unable to smother a growing consciousness that she somehow did not manage her infant well, and Mrs. Spence seemed so capable, even in her handling of the tiny creature, that Jasmine could not fail to feel reassured.

So, on a certain clear, bright morning of early November Jasmine and her charge, with Mrs. Alder, bade farewell to London, and turned their faces towards the sea. The elder lady, however, only proposed to remain with them at Hastings long enough to see them comfortably settled in their lodgings, for she was anxious to return to her home. Consequently, two days later she took her departure, leaving Noel and "Mrs. John" alone.

The boy was by this time able to get about a little, though on crutches, and wait upon himself. Companionship, and such care as any intelligent person might easily give who had been as fully instructed on the subject as Jasmine by Mrs. Alder, being now all that were required, the situation was in many respects a desirable one. For Noel was a gentle-natured, interesting little lad, and the first human being Jasmine had met since her father's death who enjoyed poetry, to the extent of his capacity, in the same way that she did, and who could, with her, entirely forget the present and wander away, bodiless, into the fairy-land created by a Wordsworth or a Scott. This had been the bond of union between them from the first; but there was now to be formed a link stronger and sweeter still.

Unlike most boys, Noel took a good deal of interest in "Mrs. John's" baby, and often asked if she had heard how it was getting on, and so forth. Encouraged by these manifestations of sympathy, and yearning for someone to whom she might open her heart, Jasmine one day found herself telling him about her prayer, and her idea that his aunt's offer might, somehow, have been the answer to it.

"Why, of course it was," cried Noel, apparently surprised at the slightest suggestion of doubt. "If I wrote a letter to my father in New Zealand, and asked him for something very particular that I wanted, and that very thing came to me by the next mail, I shouldn't wonder long who had sent it, should I? even if there wasn't a word inside."

"No, of course not!" answered Jasmine, thoughtfully.

"Besides," continued the boy, lowering his

voice and his long dark eyelashes at the same time, "I don't mind telling you I prayed too! I did so want you to come. And there's a bit of a verse I found somewhere that says—

'Are not two prayers a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?'"

"That is Rossetti's!" exclaimed Jasmine, marvelling that she could have read "The Blessed Damozel" so many times, yet missed the true significance of that gem which it enshrines; and wondering still more that this small, quiet boy with the "eyes that were dark and deep" should have such thoughts as these, so far beyond her own.

"And it is Bible, too!" added Noel. "Isn't it?"

To this Jasmine made no reply; she was looking out of the rain-flecked window over a grey, misty expanse of sea. And there was a short silence.

"You see," she next said, forgetting the age of her companion, in her instinctive appreciation of his mental superiority, "it is not as if I were good. I can understand God hearing good people's prayers. But I should never have dared to expect Him to answer me."



"Jasmine started forward with a suppressed cry."

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"But you *are* good!" protested Noel, warmly.

"But really I'm not!" was Jasmine's low-toned, sad confession. "I've been very naughty, Noel. I have never loved God, nor even loved—good people. I have never cared to do what is right."

"But you do now," urged Noel. "And you're sorry!"

"Yes. Oh, yes, I am sorry!" answered Jasmine, unconscious that the tears were stealing down her cheeks. "I would be so different if I might only have my time over again."

"Well, nursie always used to say—not Banks, you know, but old nursie, down at Heathermoor—that just as soon as ever people feel like that, and ask God for Jesus' sake to forgive them, He puts all the past away, and remembers it no more. But, of course, Mrs. John," the boy concluded, colouring, "you know all that much better than I do, or nursie either."

"I ought to," Jasmine admitted, "though I had no one to teach me when I was young like you. But I have had opportunities since. Who is this 'nursie,' Noel? She must be very good."

"Oh, she is! the very best person, except father, I ever knew. She was my father's nurse when he was little, and taught him. Now she lives at the lodge. But she is very old, and getting feeble, too. I'm afraid she may not live long. She taught me to pray to God, and to look out for His answers; and they always come, in some way or another. *Always!*"

This first heart-talk between Jasmine and her young charge was by no means the last. Her newly awakened interest in the things of the Spirit was keen, and Noel's childish experiences, though always simple and truly child-like, were—perhaps, for that very reason—far more helpful to her than would have been the more conventionally expressed religious talk of grown persons. Little had the culture-proud Jasmine of days gone by imagined that she would ever stoop to be taught by a child, himself the pupil of a poor, unlettered country woman; as little had that aged saint of God, who had lovingly tried to sow a few precious grains of the good seed in the ready ground of a child's heart ever dreamed that they would so soon root, and flourish, and seed again for the beautifying of another of the spiritually waste places of the earth.

That "nursie," despite what is generally called ignorance, was possessed of a not altogether ordinary mind, even Jasmine could not fail to perceive from remarks of hers which Noel quoted.

"When we say a thing is right, we must take care to try and do it," he one day observed. "Or else, as nursie says, we shall be like a crazy old clock, that points to one hour and strikes another."

And on a later occasion, "Nursie used to say that I had more chances than most boys of being very brave, because, you see, I'm so much oftener afraid."

"I should like to know your nursie," said Jasmine, wistfully. "I should like to talk to her."

"Perhaps you will some day," answered Noel. "You may perhaps go to Heathermoor. Or if not, you are sure to see her in heaven. Oh, she is a dear—just!"

Several times in the course of the winter, Mrs. Alder paid short visits to Hastings, and always appeared satisfied with Noel's appearance and progress towards health. She was invariably kind to Jasmine, but the distance of her manner, the coldness of her studied politeness—and Mrs. Alder made a point of being always scrupulously polite to her "inferiors"—was particularly galling. But when, on

one occasion, she brought her daughter with her, our heroine "beheld," as it were, her own "natural face in a glass," and it was a sight she never forgot.

Julia Alder was a girl of about two-and-twenty, straight, slim, and fair. But her blue eyes were pale and prominent, and her hair almost the colour of tow. She was secretly aware, not only of her good points, but of her deficiencies, and she saw at a glance that Mrs. John possessed every attraction in colouring which she lacked. Also Jasmine's carriage was far more graceful and dignified than her own—such presumption in a paid dependent! So Miss Julia endeavoured to express her displeasure by a frigid *hauteur* of demeanour whenever Jasmine was in her presence, and by the scorn of her half-smiling lips if the latter chanced to make any audible remark to her charge; and should the hapless Mrs. John, forgetful for the moment of that menial position which was so new to her, presume to address a slight observation to the great lady herself, she was forthwith

"Gorgonised from head to foot
With a stony British stare."

"Is it possible," thought Jasmine, after a few such experiences as these, a conviction flashing suddenly over her with a tide of crimson shame, "that *I* could have behaved anything like that when I went to Hardwareham—to *them*?"

And, as if in reply, incident after incident came back to her with torturing clearness, speech after speech that she had uttered even to *him*, till she felt ready to sink through the earth with humiliation and vain regret. She seemed to see herself revealed as by a lightning flash, and the revelation touched her to the quick. What a contrast was the patient, affectionate devotion of her lost husband to her own cold indifference and supercilious, patronising airs! Strange that she had been so blind to his thoughtful love, and so callous to his tenderest feelings!

In the New Year, Jasmine, obtaining a holiday, ran up to London to see her baby. She had been receiving excellent reports of Dollie's health and development from Mrs. Spence, but was scarcely prepared for the agreeable surprise that awaited her in that round, sparkling little face, and the springing movements of those dimpled limbs. Dollie had indeed improved under the wise care of her new nurse, and the hours of pleasure the mother spent in nursing and caressing her were the first she had known since that last terrible evening in the Park.

It was as Jasmine was on her way back to Hastings that a strange thing occurred.

The train was stopping for a few minutes at Tunbridge Junction, and she sat idly watching the hurrying passengers through the open door, when two gentlemen passed along the platform arm in arm, more leisurely than the majority of the crowd, and Jasmine started forward with a suppressed cry.

The figure on the side next the edge of the platform was that of her husband—the profile of the face, and the brown beard were his! But when, arrested possibly by her impulsive movement, he turned towards her, there was no light of recognition in the deep grey eyes—John's eyes in set and colouring, though different in expression—and the train moving on, the strange vision quickly passed from sight.

Jasmine sank back into her seat quivering with emotion, the disappointment at her heart almost as keen as though she had really expected to meet her lost one alive and in the flesh once more.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

IT was on a clear, crisp day in February that Jasmine and Noel, returning from a walk as far as St. Leonards, found that, in their absence, Mr. Alder and a friend had arrived—the former a frank, pleasant, middle-aged man, agreeably free from the ill-concealed pride of his wife and daughter, and the latter an elderly gentleman of refined and studious aspect.

"That's your namesake!" Noel privately informed her. "Mr. Chesney. I suppose he is no relation of yours?"

"Oh, no!" she answered; adding, with a smile, "At least, not to my knowledge."

She was introduced to the visitor as "My nephew's kind companion and attendant, Mrs. John."

Mr. Chesney gave her a conventionally civil word or two, and then, as she withdrew with Noel to a distant window, apparently forgot her existence for the remainder of his visit.

By-and-by the two gentlemen went out for a walk, and when they returned Jasmine and the boy were playing at chess in a corner, and seemed to be unobserved.

"Well, as I was saying," remarked Mr. Chesney, in obvious continuation of a conversation begun out-of-doors, "this old gentleman, dying childless, his money goes first of all to his brother—if he had been living, but he has been buried these fifty years—and after that, of course, to his sons. Now, there were three of them, though old John Chesney—it's the brother I'm talking about now, you know—only reckoned two, the eldest and the youngest; the middle one he disinherited and disowned for marrying the girl he liked, and *he* had to go into trade to earn his living."

Jasmine was growing so much interested in this recital, that she jeopardised and lost a very precious knight; but in the silence between the moves, how could she help listening?

"Now, the queer thing about it is, that that old man should have outlived them all—ninety-one he would have been had he lasted another month—and that all he left should have come to a distant relative like myself. Brother dead, brother's sons dead—the elder in the Crimea, the younger with his son by a boating accident on an Irish lake about ten years ago."

"But how about that other, the one he disowned?" interrupted Mr. Alder. "He or his children would have been of nearer kin than you."

"That's just what I was going to tell you. We hunted the family out—found they had been shop-keeping in a country town for over fifty years—Hardwareham, in Smokeshire—only just in time to learn that the only heir (women being cut out of it by that old misanthrope's entail) had met his death in an American railway accident, about a year ago."

"Dear, dear! Well, there does seem to have been a fatality about it, doesn't there?" commented Mr. Alder, while Jasmine sat as though electrified into a catalepsy. "But it's a lucky one for you. Five thousand a year isn't to be sneezed at, my boy."

"Oh, no!" returned the other, laughing. "But I'm only showing you how oddly it has come about."

Five thousand a year! That was what Jasmine had robbed John's family of by her selfishness and pride. That, but for her coldness, and luxuriousness, and the impatience of comparative—only comparative—poverty

which had driven from his home the widow's only son to meet his death on a foreign shore, had now been his and theirs. Once, Jasmine's own loss would have been her chief concern; now—and it was significant of the real change that was being wrought in her—the thought of how she had been the indirect means of depriving the Chesneys of the fortune which was theirs by right caused her most poignant regret! If only she could have known! Ah, how many have breathed, or sobbed, or groaned that unavailing wish! But if it were indeed possible for us to foresee all, and thus avoid every pit-fall and every mistake, the greater part of our character-training would be lost. It is only by being forced to choose our own path, without knowing whither it will tend, that the strength of our love for good and abhorrence of evil can be fully tested.

By a singular and painful coincidence, the very next letter Jasmine received from Nellie Chesney contained the appalling news that the bank in which Mrs. Chesney had temporarily deposited the money realised by the sale of the business at Hardwareham had suspended payment—a distant circle of disturbance caused by that headlong plunge into ruin of the important firm whose failure had killed Jasmine's father. Not a hint did she give of being aware of her kinsman's visit and inquiries in the neighbourhood, and Jasmine concluded that if the much-tried pair were ignorant of what might have been, there was no need to tantalise them in their present sorrow by telling them of her strange discovery.

In the spring, Noel's father returned from New Zealand, and, as Jasmine had been some time since warned would probably be the case, he made arrangements for taking his little son back with him to Auckland.

It was a fresh wrench to Jasmine to part from the boy, to whom she had become deeply attached. His child-like piety and simple faith had been a revelation to her, and although as yet her prayers, as befitted a newly-returned wanderer, had been chiefly for pardon and spiritual help, she felt it to be a message from heaven when Noel said, in one of their last little talks: "I shall pray hard that some day we shall see each other again. And you'll pray, too, won't you, dear Mrs. John? We won't forget about the 'two prayers' and how they were answered, when you first came here, will we? Nursie always said it wasn't right only to go to God about our souls, and think we can manage all our other affairs by ourselves, because He likes to help us in everything. So I'm going to ask Him every day to bless you and your dear little baby, and to find you a nice home somewhere, where you'll be happy."

"Thank you, darling; thank you!" murmured Jasmine, almost choked by grateful tears. And then came back to her the words spoken by Nellie, nearly a year ago—so much fuller of precious meaning to her now than then—"There is another Friend who loves you even more than we do. He is always near, and always ready to hear and help." And with humble, timid faith, conscious of her own lack of merit, but truly believing in the Fatherly goodness of God, she besought Him mercifully to put her in the way of obtaining some employment whereby she might earn a living for herself and her little one.

She yearned to add "and somewhere that we can be *together*;" for the thought of little Dollie growing up to look upon her almost as a stranger was becoming intolerable. Constantly did she hear from Mrs. Spence of the darling's dawning intelligence and pretty ways, and it was dreadful for her, Dollie's own mother, to have, as it were, no part or lot in it, no share in drawing out the budding

powers of that precious little mind, no claim upon the first love of the warm baby heart. But she was afraid to ask this in her prayer—she felt unworthy.

But He who was the Father of her and her little one too, was better to her than all her fears. A few days before the date fixed for parting from Noel, when they were all staying for a short time in London once more, Mrs. Alder took the opportunity of asking Jasmine whether, pending the offer of more suitable employment, she would care to take up her abode at the gate-keeper's lodge at Heathermoor.

"An old person is living there now," Mrs. Alder

explained, "my husband's former nurse, but she is afflicted with rheumatism, and is growing unequal to even the light duties attaching to the post. Mr. Alder thinks very highly of Nurse Duncan as an old and faithful servant of the family, and she is so fond of the old home and of us that we should not like to send her away. If you, Mrs. John, would like to go and live with her, and keep the cottage in order, and tend the old lady a little when she is ill, I think you might be very comfortable—for she is a really good old creature in every way—and you could have your baby with you."

(To be continued.)

MOTHER'S WORKBOX.

† OPEN with tender fingers
The box of rosewood and gold,
Where the scent of lavender lingers
In the lining's satin fold,
And comes to us like a greeting
From the happy bygone days,
Or a spirit-voice, repeating
One hallow'd name always.

Our Mother! I see her sitting
By the fire in her cushion'd chair,
The shining needle flitting
In and out the fabric fair;
Two childish heads bend over
Her knee their yellow locks,
And small hands raise the cover
Of the gold and rosewood box!

Now, to us, they are sacred treasures—
The scissors with silver sheath,
The ivory spools and measures,
The silks and wools beneath.
We gaze, with eyes fast growing
Dim, at the square of lace
Half sewn—but my tears are flowing,
And Jack has hidden his face.

"Oh, Mother!" my heart cries; "Mother!"
Like a baby left alone;
For though Jack and I have each other,
Our dearest and best is gone.
'Twas a love that can never perish,
'Tis a grief that can ne'er grow old,
And for love and grief we cherish
The box of rosewood and gold.

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

THE DUTY OF SLEEP.

THE sleeping-room is Nature's repair shop, the place of recuperation and renovation. There are persons who sometimes tell us that some great man such as Napoleon Bonaparte, only slept four or five hours in twenty-four. But Napoleon Bonaparte is a very poor example to follow. His restless spirit kept the world in an uproar a good share of his life, he was broken in health some time previous to his defeat in battle, and finally, fretted and chafed in his captivity, he died aged 53, long before he had reached the allotted age of man.

If a woman would last she must rest. If she would make her life calm and strong, glad and useful, she should have *abundant sleep*, and to obtain it she should avoid late hours, and especially should avoid stimulants. The woman who takes anything to keep herself awake is making a great mistake, and preparing herself for future troubles. A woman who keeps awake with stimulants now, will be trying to put herself to sleep with chloral by-and-by. So, too, a woman who drinks strong tea to keep herself awake, will by-and-by be taking opium to benumb her senses that she may get a little rest.

One of the great hindrances to sleep is a restless anxiety about things to come. There is so much to be done that some mothers feel that they can hardly take time to sleep; but six, seven, or eight hours of good solid sleep, begun at ten o'clock at night, is a much better preparation for a

hard day's work than any amount of midnight toil or restless tossing upon the bed in the watches of the night. Be sure of this, that unless Nature's method of recuperation for wasted energies and exhausted nerves is regularly followed, the penalty exacted will be terrible. It is next to impossible for a mother of even a small family, with all its demands on mind and body, to do her duty faithfully without a due share of calm, refreshing sleep.

It is a matter of duty for persons who fear God and serve Him, to see to it that they have their sleep. They must not be cheated out of it, they must not be harassed until sleep forsakes their eyes; they must rather bid their cares depart, and commit soul and body, money and estate, friends and foes to the care of a loving Father. They must make it their business to sleep.

There is nothing more favourable to healthful slumber than the peace of God that passeth understanding. With that peace we can lay ourselves down and sleep, and awake because the Lord sustains us. And we can prove how vain it is for people to rise up early and sit up late, and eat the bread of sorrows, and strive and struggle to gain those things which God is willing to give, and which He gives to His beloved while they are asleep. Our heavenly Father is able to do exceeding abundantly above our utmost thought, our utmost desire; and it is for us, knowing His love and care and tenderness, to resign ourselves into His kind hands, committing the keeping of our souls unto Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator, fearing no evil,



"We gaze with eyes fast growing dim."

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but casting all our care on Him who careth for us, who has been with us from the beginning, who has promised to be with us to the end, who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." In our sickness He smooths our pillow and makes all our bed; in our weariness He gives to us abiding ease; and in the toils and conflicts that fall to our earthly lot, He supports and protects and strengthens and

defends His feeblest children, remembering their need.

Lie down and sleep, then, O tired mother! Let sorrows and doubts and fears be gone. Cast off the restlessness and weariness which have disturbed your soul, and let the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ our Lord. So shall you find sweetest rest.

L. O. H.

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON EVERYDAY NURSING.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," "ABOUT OUR FOOD," ETC.

V.—EVERYDAY AILMENTS.



HAVE cautioned you against neighbours' prescriptions, so I am not going to tell you a lot about different ailments, and assure you of certain remedies for them all. What I want to do is to provide you with a kind of reference-book or guide to which you can turn when sickness appears, in order that you may have a little idea of what is the matter, and also

some notion of what you ought to do at once. So I hope to be able to give you such a description of certain ailments common to us all, as shall enable you to recognise them immediately, and you can judge for yourself of the necessity of sending for a doctor.

STINGS.—Here comes a small boy who has been teasing a wasp and got stung for his pains; what must you do with him? Look at the spot first, to make sure it was a wasp, not a bee; because if it were a bee you will have to pull out the sting which bees always leave behind them. Mind you burn it when you find it. I have seen a child crawling on the floor stung by a sting in a dead bee. There are several remedies for a sting. I will tell you all, so that you may use that which is nearest. Ammonia, sal volatile, or even plain vinegar, a little garden mould, or a piece of onion will give relief, and if none of these are at hand, fetch the blue-bag and apply it liberally to the spot. Should the sting be in the throat, let the sufferer gargle well with hot salt-and-water, and see that you send at once for a doctor.

BURNS AND SCALDS are such every-day occurrences that a mother should always have remedies close at hand, in case of need. We will speak of this later on, when we consider the question of the family medicine chest.

A mixture of olive or linseed oil and whiting is the best of all remedies. Ascertain that the oil is not rancid, and mix it with the whiting to the thickness of honey. Add a little vinegar to bring it to the thickness of treacle, apply with a feather to the wound, and cover with cotton wool.

Equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water make a capital dressing, commonly known as carron oil. Wet a piece of rag thoroughly with the mixture and apply to the burnt surface, covering with a dry rag or flannel.

Hot milk and water, with a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, is also very good; or, if you have nothing else at hand, a little lard (without salt) may be applied, and covered thickly with flour.

Whatever you do, don't wash the wound, but cover it up as quickly as you can, to shut out the air. If there should be much pain or fretfulness, you may safely administer thirty drops of laudanum in a little water to a grown-up person, and repeat in an hour. To a child of ten years you may give three drops, but on no account give any to a baby.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.—This is another every-day occurrence. The time-honoured remedy of a door-key down the back is right in theory, but it is not often powerful enough. It is better to lay a wet towel upon the back of the neck and over the face. Sometimes raising the hands above the head while sitting bolt upright in a chair will stop the flow. If it seems obstinate in spite of all your efforts to stop it, send for a doctor.

TOOTH-ACHE AND EAR-ACHE.—Though not dangerous

in themselves, these troubles may rank amongst some of the worst ills that our poor flesh is heir to. They may often be stopped by filling the ear on the painful side with laudanum. Warm the laudanum first by standing the bottle in a cup of hot water, put a few drops in a teaspoon, and when your patient has laid his head either on your lap or on a table, pour the laudanum into his ear, and plug it well with cotton-wool or lint. A preparation called Baume du Commandeur can be bought at the chemist's, and often acts like magic with children if applied in this way.

SORE THROAT.—The ear being intimately connected with the throat, one naturally thinks of that next. Sore throats are of so many different kinds that it is almost impossible to lay down any law for the treatment, unless one can actually see them. A slight sore throat may proceed from a disordered stomach, or chill, and it may, on the other hand, be the forerunner of another disease. What you may safely do is this: Take the patient's temperature, and if it is up to ninety-nine and a half, put him to bed. Regulate the bowels, stop all solid food, and let him gargle freely with chlorate of potash, and suck the lozenges, one every two hours. If he doesn't improve in a day or two, send for the doctor. People who are subject to ordinary sore throats should try to strengthen the parts by using cold water freely about the throat every morning, wringing out a coarse towel, for instance, in strong salt-and-water, and rubbing throat and chest well, following up the treatment by gargling night and morning with salt-and-water. Above all, they should avoid those most prolific causes of throat affections, fur and worsted wraps. The neck of a healthy man or woman no more needs circling with boas than the nose does.

WHITLOWS.—A whitlow is a painful thing, and if you take my advice you will remember in the treatment of it that prevention is better than cure. The moment you see certain signs of one, send to the chemist for some carbonate of potash. Put a tablespoonful into half a gill of the strongest vinegar; make it hot, and soak the member in it as hot as can possibly be borne. Persist in this treatment for about two hours, warming up the liquid each time it cools, and you will see no more of your whitlow. If, however, it has gone too far for this treatment, you must have it lanced and apply a poultice.

CUTS.—In the case of a cut, if the blood is bright scarlet and spurts out in jets, you must send for the doctor, however small the injury may seem; but if the blood is dark and flows regularly, you can undertake it yourself. Wash the wound with cold water and dry it. Draw the edges together, and keep them close with strips of sticking-plaster. Soak a piece of lint or linen in Friar's balsam, and lay it over the cut, keeping it in position with a bandage.

FEVERISH ATTACKS.—Slight feverish attacks and diarrhoea often arise from the same cause—unwise eating. In the first case bed and cooling medicine generally work a cure, if accompanied by careful diet. If the temperature still keeps high, send for a doctor.

These feverish attacks are often accompanied by rigors or shivering fits. They last, perhaps, only a few seconds, or they may stretch over half an hour, but anyway, they should never be ignored or neglected. They are often symptoms of serious illness—fever or inflammation. Speaking generally, the intensity and duration of the rigors

may be taken as a measure of the severity of the coming illness. Especially should they be noted and described to the doctor if they come in the middle of an illness, as he will learn much of what is going on internally from them.

DIARRHŒA in its first stages can generally be controlled by putting the patient to bed, and letting him fast for a day. When he begins to feel hungry, give well-boiled rice, milk gruel, or arrowroot, in very small quantities. Everything should be taken cold, in cases both of diarrhœa and sickness. If the mischief continues, send for a doctor, especially when the weather is hot.

There! I think I have pretty well gone through the list of every-day ailments, but let me say one word on the treatment which will apply to all.

BEWARE OF QUACK MEDICINES! Is it reasonable, is it possible, that any one preparation should be able to cure every disease under the sun, from consumption to cancer, from St. Vitus's dance to gout? Why, if it were so, the lucky inventor would have no need to advertise—he would have an endless stream of sick besieging his door from sunrise to sunset.

Some of these cure-alls may be harmless, some even may do good in certain cases, but a reference to the inquest lists will tell you that many have done fatal injury to a gullible public. What trash some of us do swallow from time to time, to be sure!

INDIGESTION.—Who is there amongst your friends who does not know of a sovereign remedy for indigestion? And yet we all go on suffering from it. Take my advice and leave quackery and patent medicines alone, unless they are recommended by your medical man. If you suffer from flatulence and indigestion, remember that it is an *effect*, not a cause. See what you have been eating and drinking which was unwise, and stop it. Tea is simply poison to some people who suffer in this way, and if they must drink it, the only safe thing to do is to have a second teapot or jug on the tray, and pour the tea off the leaves into it directly it has stood three minutes. Attend carefully to your diet. Avoid eating meat that has been warmed up—take it cold instead; avoid watery vegetables, such as cabbage and potato; take farinaceous puddings, but avoid all pastry; drink *after* your meals instead of with them, and don't drink more than you can help. Don't eat too much at a time, take less and more often. Last, but by no means least, get a bottle of Bragg's Charcoal Powder, and take a small teaspoonful of it mixed well in three parts of a wineglass of water just before you begin each meal. Eat your meals slowly, walk regularly, sleep with your window a little way open at the top, banish your pillow and lie flat on your bolster, and if your digestion doesn't improve in three months—well, just write and tell me I don't know anything at all about it!

THE WAY TO SAY "NO."

"It is easy to mind Aunt Margaret," I heard a little girl of twelve say not long ago. "She says 'No' just as pleasantly as she says 'Yes.'"

Now, the clear logic of a child often illuminates a dark subject, and it seemed to me that this little girl's remark contained a truth which would bear thinking of. I began to observe the way in which those of my friends who have children say "No" to them. Here is one instance:

A little boy of two was sitting in his high chair at the table where his mother was making cake. He was an active child, and he had been sitting there some time, but he had been very quiet and good. There was a cut-glass tumbler within his reach, and he took it.

"No, no, Freddy," cried his mother, sharply. "Put that glass down this instant!"

The baby glanced at his mother with a look of sullen defiance, and immediately dashed the glass to the floor.

"You naughty boy!" cried the mother, and, dropping her spoon, she slapped his hands severely, and turned his chair to the wall for further punishment, while she swept up the fragments of broken glass.

"I never saw such a child," said she, in an exasperated way. "I never forbid him anything but that he instantly disobeys me, if he can."

The poor baby was sobbing with mingled pain and rage, and my heart ached as I thought of all the years of fighting, anger, and bitterness which were before him. I thought how his nature would be warped and injured by such treatment, and I knew that if he were not utterly ruined it would only be by the mercy of God.

I watched other mothers to see what their methods of refusal were, and these are some replies:

"No; you cannot."

"No; and don't you dare to ask me again."

"No; and stop bothering."

"No; and do go away somewhere or other."

"No; and when I say no, understand I mean no."

These forms of refusal were common in a number of families. I heard them repeatedly, and they were always spoken in an irritated tone; and I heard one mother say, "No; and if you ask me again, I'll whip you."

Perhaps you think these mothers were rude, uncultivated women; but they were not, they were ladies. They had both social and intellectual advantages, and most of them were Christian women, I do not doubt. They loved their children, too. If any ill or hurt came to their children's tender bodies, they suffered with them; but any hurt which they gave to the loving hearts and sensitive spirits of their little ones they never recognised. My mind was filled with indignation. I did not blame the little creatures at the wrathful, though impotent protests which they made against this injustice and tyranny. I felt that I would rebel if I were so treated. It takes long years of self-control to enable one to bear insult calmly, and what can one expect of a little, inexperienced, quick-tempered child?

"But," said a mother with whom I dared remonstrate, "I have to be severe with my children. If I were not, they would not obey me at all."

I sighed. How could I show that mother that she was mistaken?

"I am sure," said I, "that children can be taught that it is just as necessary to obey a pleasant 'No' as a cross one, and it is so much easier for them to mind when they are refused kindly. The spirit of combativeness is not roused, and all they have to do is to bear the disappointment, whatever it may be, and that is often hard enough for their eager little hearts to endure. But if they love you and trust you, and you give them as much sympathy over their trouble as you would for a cut finger, for instance, you will be surprised at the brave way in which they will resign a forbidden pleasure, having faith that 'mamma knows best.'"

C. J. W.

SOME CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

BY CAROLINE GRACE MAXTON.

KNOW of few subjects more fascinating to us women than that of marriage. As maidens, with all the enthusiasm for pretty sights and sounds, even a "plain" wedding was always enough to cause a very pleasurable excitement indeed; and even now, when the realities of married life sober us somewhat, we cannot but feel immensely interested in the sacred and happy ceremony. But I am not here concerned with our charming English mode of celebrating the chief event in a woman's life, however alluring such a topic may be; I want to say just a few words about some curious marriage customs of other countries.

The service differs very much from our marriage service, and the pair are not married with a ring. A married woman does wear a ring, but it is the ring of her betrothal, which she wears on the third finger of her left hand. Sometimes she does not have the ring until *after* her marriage. An engaged or married man also wears a ring on the little finger of his right hand. They simply exchange rings. In the Norwegian service the bride and bridegroom do not say, "I will," as in ours, but simply "Ja," that is "yes." The minister finally ascends the pulpit and gives the young couple an address on their new duties and responsibilities, at the end of which the marriage fee is handed to him in



"You have a lovely flower which I fain would pluck."

One of the prettiest methods of celebration is certainly that which obtains in Norway. The auspicious day having arrived, bride and bridegroom ride to church amid the plaudits of their village friends. The bride is generally arrayed in a full, short blue gown and quaint embroidered apron, which show the white stockings and neat silver-buckled shoes beneath. On her head she wears what is called the "bride's crown," made of silver, and rather massive-looking, with small bells just above the rim. The broad band of the crown has a motto carved on it, and between the words are shining stones. The wedding takes place in the afternoon. The bridegroom leads the bride at once to the altar, which is wreathed with flowers and greenery; the friends and relations occupying the seats in the church.

silver paper, and the wedding party then leaves the church.

In Hungary, the preliminaries to a marriage are often very amusing. Let us suppose the gentle swain has suddenly appeared in the bosom of his lady love's family, whose consent he is anxious to gain. Paterfamilias has several daughters, amongst whom are two who are supposed to have long since given up all idea of attracting by the artless wiles of maidenhood the attention of the sterner sex, while there is yet a younger girl whose tell-tale blushes are a clear confession of her love. The youth who seeks her hand is most amicably received by her parents, who, however, profess to misunderstand the purpose of his visit, appearing specially puzzled when he addresses them somewhat as follows:—"You have in this house a lovely flower



A Norwegian Wedding Party.

which I fain would pluck. Tell me what I may do to possess it."

The eyes of all are now upon him. *All*, did I say?—well, no, not *all*; there is one, to whose blushes I have already referred, whose eyes are downcast. Presently a bright idea seems to strike Paterfamilias.

"The flower of which you would become possessed," he says, "is surely this one," pointing to the eldest and—shall we say it in the lowest whisper?—most unmarriageable daughter.

"Beautiful as is the flower with which you would endow me, there is yet another——"

"Oh, I see, I see," and the fond father now indicates the next daughter.

The youth makes similar and equally courteous replies, till eventually the maiden of his choice is arrived at. The parents, who have really known all about it from the first, now give the young people their blessing, and a wedding follows.

Some of the customs of the Greek Church which obtain in certain parts of provincial Russia are curiously effective. The altar at which the young couple meet is generally carpeted with crimson taffeta, standing on which the priest (or pope) delivers the Benediction. Immediately after, wax tapers are lighted by the friends who attend the bride and the bridegroom; and then three times do the two solemnly pledge the priest in wine, dashing the glass which has contained it to the ground directly after having done so—nay, more, treading it under foot as well, which is supposed

to be symbolic of the fate deserved by those who from that moment shall step between man and wife. Hempseed and linseed are next strewn upon their heads by their female friends, who have yet another odd custom, which they put in practice later on in the day. It is that of trying to separate the bride from her husband, to whom she naturally clings. In this they unite with a will, although, of course, they invariably fail in the end to wrest her from her legal protector.

Our sketch is of the wedding procession leaving church. It is preceded by a youth, who carries before him, protected by a scarf which he wears round his neck, the holy image, or picture of the Virgin. He is immediately followed by the bride and bridegroom, who leave the church hand-in-hand, while behind them come the crown bearers, carrying this somewhat brilliant head-gear, sometimes on a short staff, mid-way between them. These are followed by the officiating priest, their friends, and those of the outside public who have been led by curiosity to witness the ceremony.

But I find my space is exhausted, so with one wish I will conclude. Let us hope that, whatever the custom, love and happiness may attend every united pair!



A Russian Wedding Procession.

THE MASTER'S MESSAGES TO WOMEN.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SKINNER.

III.—TO THE WOMAN WITH WORRIES.



TWO sisters, named Martha and Mary, lived together in a village home; and one bright spring day there was a little breeze in the house—a *family jar*, some would call it. A Friend had come to stay a little while. Martha was very anxious to have everything in grand style, but Mary, not so particular, had rushed away from the kitchen as soon as ever she could, to have a good time in the parlour. After a while Martha bustled in, looking ever so hot, and began to find fault with Mary. Then it was this little message came to them, and us, "*Thou art troubled about many things: one thing is needful*" (Luke x. 41).

WORRIES AND WANTS.

WORRIES.—We worry because we do not take our troubles in the proper way. Troubles come to all; therefore,

Expect them. "If it were always summer, and we were always young," and clouds and storms never came, we should grow weak and useless; "the strength that comes from struggle" would never be ours, and the golden hopes of heaven would seldom, if ever, radiate our path.

Do not meet them. You may expect a storm, but do not put up your umbrella till the rain-drops come. A minister once met an old Christian matron who was troubled with two great fears, the fear of dying and the fear of crossing the Tay Bridge. In journeying home one night to Dundee, she kept asking her fellow-passengers, "Are we near the Tay Bridge yet?" She could not enjoy her journey through thinking of what might happen in the last part of it. Happily, at one part she forgot her trouble, something else having attracted her attention. The result was that when she returned to her old theme, she was mirthfully answered, "Near it! why, we are almost over it!" This led her to think she might also be fairly launched over that other river before being aware of it, and such at length was her actual experience.

"There's a saying, old and rusty,
But good as any new,
'Tis 'Never trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles you.'"

Do not exaggerate them. It is told of a man that one night when he approached his bed to retire, he discovered a large snake lying on the quilt, which frightened him very much, so that he yelled for his wife to bring something to kill it with, and picking up the quilt he carried it out of doors, and began beating the snake. When he thought he had killed it, a close examination revealed the fact that instead of it being a snake, it was a coil of hair belonging to his wife. We should think his wife had a good laugh at him for all his trouble.

Do not look at your troubles through a microscope. Do not let the breaking of a cup mar the happiness of the day, or the presence of dust here and there drive away peace. And if the boys do come in with muddy feet, and if the furniture does get scratched, never mind, be sure not to put the legs of your table in holland covers, or follow your boys with the broom and dustpan. Make it a rule that rather than lose one ray of sunshine a good many

things shall be allowed to go wrong, and that you will never think the whole world will collapse if you are not everlastingly at work.

Share them with your husband, with your children, above all, with your Master. There are two ends to every trouble; be sure to let one end be in His hand.

Believe in their use. Believe they were allowed to come for some wise and necessary purpose. A mother was told by a physician to get an iron boot for her boy, and to see that he wore it every day for a year. The poor boy could neither run nor jump with it on, and had to drag himself wearily about. "Oh, mother, do take it off," he would sigh, "it almost kills me. I don't care if I am lame." A lady who was staying with them said to the mother, "I should take the boot off, and let the boy suffer the consequences." "Nay," said the wise mother, "I must not do for my child now what is most pleasant, but what will be most useful to him afterwards." When that boy grew to be a man, he said, "Oh, mother, I can never thank you enough for making me wear that iron boot." Just in the same way, every trial that we have is, as it were, an iron boot that our Father puts upon us.

Believe in your troubles as harbingers of good. A lady went with a Bible-woman to visit a sick woman. The house was in a London slum, and no sooner had the visitor got inside than she was almost stifled with the disagreeable smell. Seeing this, her conductor said, cheerfully, "It's better at the top." At the second landing there were sights and sounds that were anything but pleasant, and the visitor again heard the words, "It's better at the top." At the third story the Bible-woman said, "We're not at the top yet, and it's better at the top." The truth of these words was soon seen when the top story was reached, and a dear old Christian welcomed them with a bright smile. "You live high up," remarked the visitor. "Yes," was the reply, "but I'm soon going higher to a better land. I'm afflicted, no doubt, but it's very light compared with the glory about which I've been reading." The visitor could not help comparing these words with those of the Bible-woman: "It's better at the top."

Troubles are not nice things, but it makes them so much lighter to remember, "It is better higher up." "Let not your hearts be troubled, nor worried; in My Father's house are many mansions, and there's one for you, where nothing enters to vex"—so the dear Master whispers to each of us. Let troubles *never* grow to worries.

WANTS.

Of course, there are a few good souls in the world who trouble about nothing at all, and look after nothing either—easy, lack-a-daisical beings, who wear shoes burst on both sides, wishing for nothing, aiming at nothing. But their numbers are small. Most of us want too many things, and the woman with worries will never get rid of her worries till she possesses *one supreme thing*. Everybody needs it; but oh, the different ways people go about getting it! Some *run* for it, others *consider* it with their eyes turned towards it, many deliberately *turn away* from it, a few seek to *forget* it, and crowds get as *far from it* as they can, apparently of set purpose.

Ask yourselves the question, "What is it that we all need?" Do you answer "Money"? But money does not supply all ends. "Health"? But many invalids possess

the "one thing needful" when strong ones lack it. "Friends"? But they may forsake you and leave you very needy.

Ask again that question, "What was it Mary had that Martha had not?" Not *love*, for we read distinctly, "Now Jesus loved Martha," and we are sure she loved Jesus, or she would not have been at so much trouble. Just look at her as she stands there in the doorway all flurried, hot, and short-tempered. Now look at Mary—so calm. Ah! it is *peace* that Mary has, and Martha has not—

THE PEACE OF ASSURANCE.

How she got it. As she was working with Martha, she would keep thinking, "Christ is here! what a nice talk I could have with Him! As soon as ever I've prepared enough I'll go to Him." An effort of will was made, and will said to the hands, "Be quick," and to the feet, "Carry me." And in the Master's presence she found it.

What it cost her. *Courage.* She had not lived so long with Martha without knowing what she might expect. We sigh for this peace, but we expect it to come straight to us without costing anything. We have to *will it*, the will must also control the body. We have also to free ourselves from fear and restraint of others. We have to say to worry, "So far, no farther;" to work, "So far shalt

thou fill my mind and hands, no farther." If, as mothers, we have been weak and vacillating in the government of our children, or if, as girls, we have been easily led into wrong-doing, we have just to rise up and say, "This can be no longer." And then comes the final act of going straight into the presence of our Master *and staying there*.

A lady said a few days ago, "I am not able to realise Christ's presence daily with me." No, the turbulent Martha cannot, but Martha with will purified and actions under restraint may. It is not necessary to be contemplative Marys to gain peace. *If* Martha had willed it she could have been with Jesus too, for He would have sat with her in the kitchen.

The world is full of unrest, full of people with worries. Even Christian people are troubled about many things, and the only remedy is that peace of assurance gained by companionship with Christ, and commendation by Christ. This blessed peace, driving worries far away, is only to be secured by living in the abiding presence of Christ, winning daily His smile.

O my sister, full of cares, if thou art thus wearied and worried now, while yet the sunshine is upon you, what will you do in the valley of the shadows? Haste, and learn for yourself the sweetness of Mary's secret.

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen the faded gown;
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun and the cheer and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"
True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee;
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out and did without,
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.
And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the working,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me isn't fair.

A WORD ABOUT YOUR BOYS.

TREAT your boys as though they were of some importance, if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boy to be respectful, thoughtful, and kind unless you first set him the example.

If you would have your boy make you his confidant, take an active interest in all he does. Don't be too critical, but ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of things they should know. It is not the wholesome truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as if you thought your boy amounted to nothing, nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbour's son to his disadvantage; nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things. Have their rooms

fitted up as nicely as possible. Let them understand that their rooms are to be kept in order, and the result will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good, wholesome reading matter. Have him read to you, and with you. Discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts upon the subjects. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place; see to it that the boys don't have to go somewhere else to secure proper freedom and congenial companionship. Take time and pains to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friends you do not know about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friends to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy. He will not be slow to appreciate it.

SOME NOTABLE MOTHERS.

II.—SUSANNAH WESLEY, THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

BY EDITH C. KENYON, AUTHOR OF "HILDA; OR, LIFE'S DISCIPLINE," ETC.



SUSANNAH WESLEY.

A MODEL wife and mother was Susannah Wesley, the mother of the Wesleys. She was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an eminent Nonconformist, and at the age of nineteen she married the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a young clergyman of the Church of England. Six years older than his bride, he was a scholar and a gentleman, but alas! very poor. He was appointed Rector of South Ormsby, with a salary of fifty pounds a year, and a mean and uncomfortable parsonage. Five chil-

dren were born there, and there many of Samuel Wesley's literary works were written. An enthusiastic admirer of Queen Mary, he dedicated his "Life of Christ" to her, and, in consequence of this, she caused him to be presented with the living of Epworth, in the river-island of Axholme, in the extreme northern angle of Lincolnshire.

The parsonage was an old-fashioned, thatched house, but the living was rather better than the one at South Ormsby. The little family had, however, to endure many fresh hardships in their new home. The people of Epworth were dishonest, lawless, and quarrelsome. Their new parson was ever ready to rebuke iniquity, consequently he gave much offence and was not a little persecuted. On two occasions his house was set on fire and his cattle injured. The last time this happened his embarrassments were so great that he was imprisoned for debt in Lincoln Castle. While he was there his wife sent him her rings to relieve him—she had no money to send—but he had not the heart to take them, and returned them to her. He did not spend his time in moping, but used it in acting as unpaid chaplain to the other prisoners.

The Archbishop of York, hearing of his misfortunes, visited his wife. "Tell me, Mrs. Wesley," he said, "whether you ever really wanted bread?"

"My Lord," she replied, ingenuously, "I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never have wanted bread; but then I had so much care to get it before it was eaten and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."

"You are certainly right," said the Archbishop, and the next day he sent her a handsome present.

While the Wesleys were at Epworth, struggling with poverty and debt, and enduring persecution, fourteen children were born to them. But most of them died in infancy. Hard fare, the smoke of peat fires and absence of all luxuries did not daunt the spirit of Mrs. Wesley. Everything in her house was done in order. There was a time for everything, and the hours for study, play, eating, and sleeping were rigorously observed. Mrs. Wesley was

most careful in the training of her children. The first thing she aimed at was to conquer the will of each child, that it might find happiness in obeying the will of its parents. "This," she said, "is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then the child is capable of being governed by the reason of its parents till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind."

Her patience when teaching her children was very great.

"Why, my dear," said her husband once, when she was giving her eldest boy, Samuel, a lesson, "do you sit there teaching that dull child that lesson over for the twentieth time?"

"Because the nineteenth is not enough," she replied.

The boy became a good scholar, and, better still, a truly good man, who was a comfort to his mother in her old age.

John, the founder of the Wesleyans, was born at Epworth, in 1703, and Charles, the eighteenth child, who became the famous hymn-writer, more than five-and-a-half years later. Two months after the birth of the latter the Rectory was discovered to be on fire at midnight.

The Rector, being awakened out of sleep, by a cry of "Fire, fire!" from the street, opened his bedroom door, and, to his astonishment, found the house full of smoke and the roof ready to fall in. He called to his wife and two girls to flee for their lives. Mrs. Wesley burst open the door of the nursery, where the maid was sleeping with five children. Taking up the youngest, she bade the others follow her; but, in the confusion, little John, who was nearly six years old, was left behind. The rest of the family made their escape through door and windows, and Mrs. Wesley, to use her own expression, "waded through the fire."

The story of little John's rescue is well known. He climbed upon a chest near the nursery window, and was then seen from the yard. There was no time to procure a ladder, but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another, and the child was snatched from the flames. A few minutes after, the roof fell in with a great crash.

"Let the house go," said Mr. Wesley, "I am rich enough." For he knew that all the eight children who were in the house were safe. Then he added to his wife, seeing that all their furniture was burnt, "We have now little more than Adam and Eve had when they went to house-keeping."

Mrs. Wesley took especial pains with the religious training of John because of this providential escape of his from being burnt to death. She wrote that she considered herself to be under special obligations to be particularly careful of the soul of a child whom God had so mercifully preserved. And she was always at the pains to take each of her children alone, when it was possible, for religious instruction. In describing this herself she said, "On Monday I talked with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emilia and Sukey together on Sunday."

The result of this wise religious training may surely be seen in the remarkable lives of two of these children—John and Charles, both of whom were found worthy of a

memorial in Westminster Abbey.

But although so solicitous about the spiritual as well as temporal well-being of her children, Mrs. Wesley did not sink the wife in the mother. She had a keen appreciation of her husband's talents, and sometimes yearned for him to have a wider sphere.

Mrs. Wesley's sympathies were not confined to her own family. Her servants and the poor village people came in for a share of her instructions. When Mr. Wesley was absent she used to read sermons aloud in her kitchen and comment on them in her own impressive way, and, besides her servants and children, numbers of the villagers loved to congregate around her. The meetings did much good, and the influence of them must have been great upon the minds of John and Charles, who were then little boys, and were always present.

Years later, when the first great change took place in the heart of Charles Wesley and he felt himself roused to strive after greater holiness of heart and life, he wrote to his brother, "It is owing in some measure to somebody's prayers (my mother's most likely) that I am come to think as I do, for I cannot tell myself *how* or *when* I awoke out of my lethargy."

When Mr. Wesley died at the age of seventy-three his



Epworth Church.

wife was left in some poverty, and Charles wrote to his eldest brother, "Let the Society give her what they please, she must in some degree be burdensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish that I could share it! You must put me in some way of getting a little money."

The same year John and Charles both thought of going to Georgia as missionaries, or rather, the former on a mission to the Red Indians, and the latter as Chaplain-Secretary to the Governor of Georgia. If ever their mother needed them, however, it was now; so John, who

was a dutiful son and loved her dearly, replied to the invitation by saying that he would leave the matter for his mother to decide.

Mrs. Wesley would allow no personal consideration to stand in the way of their going. "If I had twenty sons," she said, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them again."

After a long and useful life the mother of the Wesleys died in John's house in London behind the old Foundry. As she died her daughters sat by her bedside singing hymns to cheer her. Just before she lost the power of speech she said, "Children, as soon as I am released sing a song of praise." They complied with her request. She was seventy-four years old when she expired. A vast multitude attended her funeral. The service was conducted by her son John, who preached from the text, "I saw a great white throne." He afterwards said, "It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side of eternity."



Epworth Rectory—the Wesleys' Birthplace.



LADY who was recently visiting some friends in a certain large town was surprised at the way in which the children there were treated. They were bright and interesting children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of eleven, and, naturally, very dear to their father and mother. The former was a professional man with large interests; the latter was an intelligent woman, not wholly given to society, though fond of it, and a good judge of literature and art. A day or two after the lady's arrival she observed that though the children were usually present at meals, they were conspicuously absent between them.

"Where are the children?" she asked of the mother.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered that individual, brightly. "Aren't they about somewhere?"

"I haven't seen them since I have been here, excepting at meals," returned her friend. "They were at breakfast this morning, but it is now after eleven, and if they are in the house, they are keeping very still."

"Oh, I've no idea they are in the house," returned the mother, laughing. "You would know it fast enough if they were, I assure you. They are probably off visiting among their schoolfellows. Mollie spends a great deal of time with her little friend Lettice Ault, in the next street. Perhaps she has gone to the park with her doll, it is so pleasant. She is safe and will be back to luncheon, never fear!"

"But aren't you afraid they will get into mischief, wandering off in this irresponsible way?"

"My dear!" with some spirit, "do you imagine children brought up among such associations as mine have could stray away from what is right? I trust my children."

"Excuse me, but they are so very young," murmured the friend, and the subject was dropped.

Another mother, this one with five children to look after and living miles away from the one who has been described, remarked when she was asked a series of questions similar to those which have been quoted, "I'm so thankful to have them out of the way that I don't trouble myself to find out where they are so long as they come in for their meals at the proper hours and in time to go to bed at night." And this was not a "lodging-house woman," either. She kept two servants and was connected, as was also her husband, with a prominent

church, living in one of the best houses of a small town, and in every way highly connected.

Considerable inquiry has developed the fact that a dangerously large proportion of well-to-do and respectable mothers share the feelings of the two who have been described. So long as a child of eight or ten or over will keep out of the way and not "make any bother" it is all right. This is certainly laying a confidence in chance circumstances which would hardly be entertained even by an imbecile regarding any other kind of property than children, if, for the purposes of comparison, they may be termed "property." So valuable, so easily soiled, so impossible to replace when ruined, and so difficult of repair! One shudders to think of the risks which these women, thoughtless and lazy to the verge of insanity, are daily taking.

A certain gentleman attracted the notice of a visitor in his family by the care which he took when going out to tell his wife just where he was going and how long he was expecting to be absent.

"I never saw anyone so particular," she said, laughingly, to the wife. "Do you exact such accounts as these every day?"

"Not at all," answered the wife, "but I confess that I like them. It is the result of a habit which my husband formed in his boyhood of always telling his mother just where he was going, for what purpose, and when he should return."

Every boy and girl, without in the least hampering their self-respect, can be brought up so as to acquire this habit. If their resorts are innocent, they will not object to telling of them. If their resorts are not innocent, parents should know it. Make it a point to interest yourself in their friends and to study them. A boy who made an excellent appearance was in the habit of visiting a certain family almost daily. They knew that his parents were wealthy and went to a fashionable church, and thought that a sufficient recommendation. Their son and he went freely to and fro between their respective homes. At nineteen he was discovered to be a most revolting criminal. Their boy so far is out of prison, but he is not a good young man. Whether he will grow better as he grows older remains to be seen.

Know just where your children are, what they are doing there, and what kind of companions are with them every hour of every day, so far as you possibly can. It is the only way in which you can possibly discharge aright the sacred obligations of motherhood.

THE PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION.

OUR readers will probably remember that in a recent number of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION we gave a brief account of the aims and objects of a new American Society called the Parents' Association. Many mothers, however, may not be aware that a similar society, bearing the title of the present article, exists in England, and therefore such will be equally interested in learning something of its mode of working and of the advantages to parents and children which it endeavours to confer.

The Union was started in 1888, in Bradford, Yorkshire, for the purpose of bringing parents together to study and

practically work out the principles which had then recently been laid down by Miss Charlotte M. Mason in her book on "Home Education." It was felt that parentage had not hitherto been regarded generally as needing special trainings. While professional men and women were required to go through a long course of study for their particular work, parents whose duties were more difficult, and whose position was one of even greater responsibility, received no training to fit them for their task. Such a state of things was held to be harmful, and in urgent need of a remedy.

Hence, one of the first efforts of the Union, in its desire to help parents to more intelligently train their children

from the day on which they are born, was to organise a course of four lectures to fathers and mothers on moral, physical, and intellectual training. These lectures proved very successful, and the movement at once spread surely and rapidly. At the present time there are Branches in Belgravia, Hampstead, Eastbourne, and various other places, whilst many towns have signified their intention of forming others.

The work of the branches consists chiefly of monthly lectures by competent persons on such matters as "How to Give Religious Instruction," "Nursery Hygiene," "The Kindergarten," etc. These are varied by separate courses of training lessons on "Teaching Children to Draw and Paint," and similar practical subjects. Most of the branches possess a lending library, in which are to be found valuable books concerning child education; while everything is done to disseminate carefully selected literature among those desirous of studying the Parent question.

The subjects comprised in parental training are, of course, both varied and wide in their range, and it is interesting to see how, for facility of study, the Union has found it convenient to group them under the following heads: I. Food and clothing proper to each age, hygienic conditions, and the physiological principles governing them—(a) Training of the limbs; (b) Training of the eye, hand, voice, etc.; (c) Games, gymnastics; (d) Lessons to be learnt from the unconscious motions of childhood, its restless activity, etc. II. Intellectual training—(a) Development of mental powers; (b) Artistic training; (c) Educational value of games; (d) Parents' helps and hindrances in mental training. III. The moral and spiritual nature—(a) Moral training for the formation of character; (b) Religious teaching; (c) Companions.

The Union also issues a magazine, *The Parents' Review* (published by Kegan Paul, 6d.), and has now a lending library, and a Naturalist's Club, ably organised by Lady Isabel Margesson.

A demand for governesses trained on the lines of "Home Education," led to the establishment of the House of

Education at Ambleside, where Miss Mason receives and educates gentlewomen for a year in methods of teaching, natural history, botany, physiography, and physiology, which will enable teachers to intelligently train not only the intellect, but what is still more important the *character* of their future pupils. Candidates also study languages on the Gouin system, and are prepared for the examination of the National Health Society. Sewing, handicrafts such as basket-making, clay-modelling, brush-drawing, bookbinding, etc., are also included in the year's tuition. The fee for board and training is £50, and the students when they leave receive salaries varying from £50 to £100. It is stated that the demand is very much greater than the supply, so this affords a safe and most interesting opening to many gentlewomen who are anxious to secure a livelihood. Already many well-certificated students, daughters of professional men, have passed through, and give great satisfaction in their situations, while the co-operation of devoted helpers in their labour of love is much appreciated by mothers of the higher classes.

Another department of the work at Ambleside is a correspondence school for children who are receiving a home education, conducted by Miss Mason. A family—if the children are under ten years of age—pays one guinea a year, and receives at the commencement of each term the work and time table, and at the end the examination questions. The work is judged by competent examiners, and the pupils secure the double advantage of greater personal attention at home, and of being measured with other children of the same age. Over 200 families, many of whom live in the Colonies, are now in correspondence with the school.

The Parents' National Educational Union is therefore an institution capable of doing a noble work in furthering and perfecting the education of children at home, and in imparting to parents the instruction and information they need. We earnestly hope that its operations will be very widely extended, and that its endeavours to assist parents of all classes to a yet higher level of parenthood will be greatly successful.

Hints for Busy Housewives.

RUST REMOVER.—A simple way of removing rust from finely-polished steel without injury to the surface consists in cleaning the article with a mixture of ten parts putty-powder, eight of ammonia, and twenty-five of alcohol, and then rubbing with soft blotting paper.

A Use for Feathers.—It is suggested that feathers from poultry, instead of being thrown away as of no use, should be collected, and the plume cut from the rib, be well baked, and saved. These, placed in a bag and kneaded, become felted, are lighter than eider-down, and would sell for about 7s. 6d. per pound, making the feathers of an ordinary sized pullet worth about 6d. To make about a square yard of cloth one-and-a-half pounds of down are required. The fabric is said to be almost indestructible, as, in place of fraying or wearing out at folds, it only seems to feel the lighter. This material takes dye readily, and is thoroughly waterproof.

Inactive Liver.—A correspondent writes that she had long been troubled with an inactive liver, which gave her a world of pain and trouble, until she was advised to take a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but without sugar, night and morning. She tried it, and found herself better almost immediately. Her daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left her; her appetite improved, and she gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks.

Preparing Poultry.—For scalding poultry the water should be as near the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling. The advantage of this is that the outer skin becomes cooked or

set, and so does not peel off with the feathers and look ragged. The fowl being held by the legs, should be immersed and lifted up and down into and out of the water three or four times, then continuing to hold in the same way with one hand, pluck off the feathers with the other without a moment's delay after taking out of the water. If skilfully handled, in this way the feathers and pin-feathers may all be removed without breaking the skin. Wherever the skin is broken, exposure of the flesh to the air spoils its appearance.

Mice.—Camphor is obnoxious to mice, and if placed where they frequent, it will drive them away.

Simple Frames for Photographs.—Cabinet-sized photographs may be prettily framed in this way: Get from the glazier glass cut just the size of the picture, two glasses for each picture. On one of them arrange and fasten by gum-water at the back any pretty little group of pressed flowers and leaves, buttercups or pansies, small ferns or four-leaved clovers—anything that is easily pressed and retains a good colour. There may be a cluster in each corner, or in one upper and one lower corner. Place the second glass directly over the first to protect it, and behind both the photograph. Then frame with ribbon for hanging up, or simply fasten the whole together with a small brass or wire clasp at each side and end. The large hooks that are sometimes used on cloaks might answer for clasps if the glass is not too thick.

Milk Cans.—To keep these fresh and clean, scour with salt immediately after use, and thus ensure sweet, unsoured milk.

LADIES' and children's jackets and capes for spring wear are mostly in three-quarter length style. The material used is either plain or fancy black cloth or moiré silk—we see very few coloured outdoor wraps this season. Jackets—which, by the way, are not nearly so much used as pelerines—are made so as to be worn either open or closed, and have lapels turning back from the waist to the neck, where they



Fig. 17.

reach nearly to the sleeves, and are faced with silk or velvet, and sometimes edged with beaded braid.

The Golf cape is a very useful garment, and quite easy to make. To cut this cape all in one piece, drapers are showing an extra wide cloth, one side of which is of a plain colour or mixture, while the other is a bright-coloured plaid, thus making a fancy lining quite unnecessary. The collar and shoulder cape are cut in one piece, and fitted to the neck by dart pleats. The edges of the mantle are turned under and stitched, and the opening down the front is secured by tabs buttoned on either side.

Ladies' capes in black cloth or silk are cut with a seam down the centre of the back, and are fitted to a short, round yoke in some instances, while in others they are cut in one and are fitted on the shoulder by two small pleats. The neck is finished either with a straight band or a turned-down collar. Bertha trimmings are used, and are made of silk or the same material, edged with sequins. Boas and long ends of ribbon are worn down the centre of the back. A pelerine of this description is called the Rotund cape, and our readers can have the pattern, if they wish, at the usual price. The Golf cape and three-quarter jacket pattern are also on sale.

Ladies' dresses are not so much flounced as they were—panels of velvet or silk are being introduced on one or both sides of the skirt. They are frequently V-shaped, the wider part being towards the waist, and the point towards the bottom of the skirt. Princess dresses are again becoming popular, and are very often closed down the side with buttons of medium size, which meet a panel such as we have mentioned. In some instances

the entire front width of the dress skirt is made of silk or a fancy material used to trim the other parts of the dress. These robed fronts are also arranged in puffs or lengthway

pleats, the latter being either wide box-pleats or half-inch pleats. Sleeveless jackets and long basques are worn over a blouse bodice with good effect.

Fig. 17. Here we show a young lady's threefold pelerine.



Fig. 19.

It can be made of material to match the dress, or of silk or velvet if preferred. The two lower capes are set on to a round yoke of lining, over which the top cape is fitted. Some of these pelerines have long sash ends, about twelve inches wide, coming from the lower cape in front and reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. Lace, beaded braid, or jet hanging trimmings (which are very handsome, though somewhat expensive) are used to trim capes of this description. A turned-down collar can be used.

Fig. 18. As will be seen, this figure shows a little boy's sailor suit. The back and front of the blouse can be cut in one, the only seam being that under the arms. A gusset is let in on the shoulders, and the blouse slips over the head, thus avoiding the ordinary fastenings down the centre of the front. This pattern is very easy to make, and we find it answers very well. The collar can be of sateen or drill, and the front of cricketing flannel. We will send the pattern for these with that of the suit. The knickers are drawn in with a band below the knee. One and a quarter yards of double-width serge will make a suit for a boy of four.



Fig. 18.

Fig. 19. This is a little dress suitable for a child from five to ten years of age. It has a tight-fitting lining, though the body and skirt are in one. The plain yoke is met by the material for the lower part of the body, and the skirt laid in box-pleats and drawn in at the waist with a band or belt. The collar is cut in the serpentine shape and set on to the lower edge of the yoke. It is trimmed with coloured passementerie.



Fig. 20.

Fig. 20 is a dress for a little boy from two to three years of age. It is a design which will please our readers who are making for children of this age. Serge with white flannel and serge cuff, revers, collar, and front will be useful, and look well, or any other combination can be designed.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 17, 18, 19, and 20, 6½d. each. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.